

## **Big Soul**

### **"Seven Light Years"**

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When the mic is near me, you've got every right to fear  
me  
So ahead of my time not even a psychic hears me  
When his hand drops my brain unlocks  
And you're dodgin this insane assault, I wouldn't  
entertain the thought  
Battle scars I'll leave you stuck with it  
My style's like a pussy with AIDS, you don't wanna fuck  
with it  
Non believers who won't accept we're the hottest, sleep  
on us  
And wake up in flamed tore up pajamas  
Your thought's weak, move on,  
I change your heartbeat from twelve BPMs to the speed  
of a Luke song  
If you even puke wrong your career's sold I'm too  
strong  
I can hold Jupiter with my earlobes  
I'll pull out some shit I wrote when I was seventeen  
it's so ?impious? to shit you wrote a week ago  
I'm timeless, priceless; you rhymeless, micless  
Bottom line I'm the nicest  
My I.Q. doubles when in times of crisis  
And my mind's as sharp as this razor you bout to get  
sliced with  
All day during eternity. Always  
"Copywrite seven eight" will echo through hells  
hallways

(hook x's 2)

I came seven light years before the dark ages  
With eight different infinite ways to spark stages  
Got a nine man crew that controls the reign  
And the soul of every listener that knows my name

I posess what you stupid motherfuckers need to get  
If it ain't Megahertz or Weathermen it's a piece of shit  
The mic's the worst solution to even this  
Cuz you'll go through twice the persecution Jesus did  
I'll step on stage with a black cape with a wack rhyme  
about your fat date

And how I met your mommy on the chat line  
This fool Nelson will put you in a full nelson  
Leave you layin face down in your stool yelpin  
A thousand of your fans ready to kill me  
And tell the sound man if he wants to jump in he can  
feel free  
Instead of threats in your face I sprayed your ass to  
hell  
Blast myself and resurrected a day later  
So drop the mic this instant  
Pocketknife to the throats of those that commit  
Copywrite infringement  
A sick twisted vengeance. I keep crackin on opponents  
And sleep on more wrappers than the homeless  
Deliver constant misery. I don't spit positivity  
I spit on positivity and send fakes to a grim fate  
Labels can drop me. I don't give a shit, I'm in it to vent  
hate  
If they're dumb enough to sign me, great  
Got a list of a hundred things I hate  
And you're number one through ninety eight  
If you hear an R&B bitch singing on my tape it's cuz  
she got a gallon of my semen clingin to her face

(hook x's2)

There's two type of emcees  
Those that wanna face me get hacked and fail  
And those that have faced me can await a rematch in  
hell  
My vocal tones pipe bomb your face in  
Hold your own? You have trouble holding conversations  
You're left with little to no air  
Duct tape your mouth  
Leave you upside down in the middle of nowhere  
Shine like rays of sun. My brain's a gun  
What you're tryin to say in six bars I can explain in one  
It's obvious my skull weighs a ton  
Over a billion gigabytes I download information from  
I'll pelt you clowns. Ugly as fuck plus timid  
Then melt you down and reconstruct y'all in my image  
I ain't spittin if the track ain't hard hittin  
I don't care if Premier, Mu Tao or Mozart did it  
I'm deep with a fistful of satire  
It's this type of trajectory that makes heat seeking  
missles backfire  
I show love to troops that I bomb  
By givin hugs to crews with nuclear arms  
I'm like Chuck Manson on tape  
My choruses are me givin my victims a chance to  
escape

The raw phantom without a champion jaw is here to  
scar  
your soft patterns with adamantium claws  
My mic will make your nerves ache  
Me comin off ain't the issue  
I wasn't screwed on right in the first place

(hook x's 2)

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